ZANZIBAR

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

BOOK BY HARRY SCHMIDT
LYRICS AND MUSIC BY
RING LARDNER

ZANZIBAR

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

BOOK BY
HARRY SCHMIDT

LYRICS AND MUSIC BY
RING LARDNER

AS FIRST PERFORMED BY THE AMERICAN MINSTRELS
AT THE NILES OPERA HOUSE, APRIL 14, 1903

FRED D. COOK, PUBLISHER
NILES, MICHIGAN

Gift 76
Ring Lardner, Jr.

The Original Cast of Characters

Seyyid Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar ..... H. Burke Schmidt
Uddu, Prime Minister, afterwards chef ..... Bert Brown
General Sokum, Commander of the Army ..... Harry Graves
Joko, Court Jester ..... Lute Tong
Indoro, Secretary of the Interior ..... Paul Foerster
Outdoro, Secretary of the Exterior ..... Carl Schmidt
Willie Wise, from the New York Stock Exchange ..... Fred Eaglesfield
Bertie Flashem, from the New York Stock Exchange ..... Ed Wurz
Reggie Stocksenbonds, from the New York Stock Exchange ..... Rex Lardner

Private Rippum	of the Army	..... Arza Williams
Private Terrum		..... Herman Selden
Private Sluggem		..... Carson Parker
Private Maulem		..... Moses Harris

Kalulu, Lord High Doitallinaminute ..... George Dougan
Princess Lulu ..... Ralph King
Princess Ujji ..... Worth Landon
Padlock, valet to Wise ..... Tom M. Swain
Shylock, valet to Flashem ..... Ring Lardner

Also Courtiers, Court Belles, Pages, etc.

Zanzibar

Act I

Enter Uddu, Joko, Indoro, Kalulu, the army and courtiers.

OPENING CHORUS.

1. Let us tell you who we are,
Men of good old Zanzibar,
Gathered here by glad command,
To greet the ruler of the land.
We'll defend our native shore
With the spirit which of yore
Made our warlike people cry
Ki, yi, yi—Ki, yi, yi.

2. Our aged king has passed away,
No more to reign 'tis true.
We all have wept our weep today.
And now we'll greet the new. (*Repeat 1.*)

UDDU—'Tis twenty years since the young Sultan left Zanzibar. No doubt he's changed. He was in his second year when he departed. I wonder if he will stick to his father's policy.

JOKO—He'll be glad to see his father's Insurance Policy.

ALL—Ha, ha, ha.

UDDU—General, are your men well drilled?

SOKUM—Yes, sir, they've been drilling all week. (*Aside*) Drilling from one saloon to another.

UDDU—It's well to be drilled—

JOKO—Yes, oil well.

ALL—Ha, ha, ha.

UDDU—(*To Sokum*)—Whatever the new Sultan asks you, answer him quickly and intelligently. Let him see that you can talk as well as fight.

SOKUM—Methinks this is a country of talkers.

JOKO—Yes, even the Fahnestock.

UDDU—Kalulu, call the Princesses Ujji and Lulu. They must be here to meet their cousin.

(*Exit Kalulu, re-enters with Ujji and Lulu.*)

ALL—(*Bowing*)—Hail, Princesses.

SONG, LULU AND UJJI.

CHORUS

We are the belles of Zanzibar,
Zanzibar,
Suitors come from near and far,
Near and far.
A prince to us would bare his head,
For us five barrels of blood were shed,
And any man would be glad to wed
The belles of Zanzibar.

LULU—How soon is my cousin coming?
UDDU—We expect him at any moment, Your Highness.
LU.—I know he'll fall in love with me.
UJJI—Well, not so you could notice it.
LU.—I wish you wouldn't use that vulgar slang, sister.
UJJI—Oh, fui, you tire me.

(*Enter Outdoro, running.*)

OUTDORO—The Sultan approaches!
ALL—Hail the Sultan!

CHORUS, HAIL THE SULTAN.

1. Hail the Sultan, absent long,
Hear our joyous welcome song!
You have been in lands afar,
Welcome, Prince, to Zanzibar. (*Repeat*)

2. Your Island awaits your arrival in state,
Your coming is signal for many a fete.
Red liquor will flow o'er many a bar,
Which is run on the Island of Zanzibar. (*Repeat 1*)

(*Enter Padlock followed at at interval by Shylock.*)

PAD.—Come on, Shylock, don't be so shy—lock. (*Enter Shylock*)
ALL—Hail the Sultan! (*Shylock turns back*)
SHY.—Come on, Pad, they're insultin' me.
PAD.—(*Brings Shylock back down scene*)—Shut up. They think you're the King.
SHY.—I am. Evah Dahkey is a King.

SONG, SHYLOCK, Interpolated.

UDDU—Let me introduce you to your court, Your Highness. This is Joko, our Jester.
PAD.—How's your digestion?
SHY.—Why do you jest?
JOKO—Jest because she—
UDDU—That will do. This is General Sokum, Commander of the Army.

PAD.—Can you fight?

SHY.—Don't ask him that. Can you run?

SOKUM—No soldier in Zanzibar would run.

JOKO—No, they've all got autos.

ALL—(*Except Shy. and Pad.*)—Ha, ha, ha.

UDDU—And this is Indoro, Secretary of the Interior.

SHY.—Get something for my Interior. (*Exit Indoro.*)

UDDU—And these are the Princesses, Ujji and Lulu, one of whom you are to marry. (*Padlock laughs.*)

SHY.—Well, what are you cracking your face about?

PAD.—They're going to hook you up to one of those stogies, while I pick out the best bunch in the kingdom. (*Aside to Shy.*) Call the court to order.

SHY.—(*Rising*)—I rise to a point of order. We will proceed with business. (*To Uddu*) Who are you?

UDDU—I was prime minister to the late Seyyid Barghash, and hope to continue my duties under your reign.

SHY.—No, I've brought my own prime minister along. (*Points to Pad.*) Can you cook?

UDDU—No, sir.

SHY.—Then I appoint you chief chef. We're going to make some changes here and run our city on the American plan. Go out, all of you, and upon your return wear the robes of honorable aldermen.

(*Exeunt all but Shy. and Pad.*)

SHY.—J.! (*No Response*) Pierpont! (*No Response*) Morgan! (*Pad advances.*)

PAD.—Well, what do you want?

SHY.—Do you realize that you got me into this?

PAD.—Well, that's all right, I aint chargin' anything.

SHY.—I've got a notion. (*Turns to imaginary third person.*) Don't you see I'm talking to my friend?

P.—Yes, don't butt in on our conversation. You aint got no kick comin', Shy.

S.—Don't you know how to talk? "Haint got no." A prime minister ought to know better than that. What grammar do you study?

P.—Harry Mansfield's. (*To 3d person*) Didn't I tell you to keep out of this?

S.—Yes, be a gentleman. Stay out of this until you're called in.

P.—(*To Shy.*)—We'll have to teach him better manners.

S.—Well, I've changed from Sultan to Mayor.

P.—You're foolish.

S.—Why?

P.—A mayor aint got no authority.

S.—I'll bet two bits I'll have. (*To 3d person*) You'll have to get out of here if you can't shut up.

P.—Yes, you've gone about far enough. What did you say? Don't sass me. Come on, Shy, let's put him out. (*They throw imaginary person out.*)

S.—Well it's time for the council to appear.

P.—Yes, if this don't suit us we'll change back to a monarchial government.
(Exeunt)

(*Enter Aldermen Hyde, Hinky Dink, Henry Irving, Mills, Steele, John Bathhouse*)

SONG, We Are the City Council – Aldermen.

1. We are the city council, council, council,
We are the city council of Zanzibar. (Repeat)

2. Our occupations are various and diverse.

HINKY—I am the owner of a dry goods store.
IRVING—I was an actor, but am one no more.
STEELE—I make cabinets and send them away.
MILLS—I make paper the live-long day.
HYDE—I sell hides from the animal's back.
JOHN—I work on the repair shop track.

4. (*Repeat 1*)

(*Noise outside.*) HYDE—Who's that?
ALL—The Mayor. (*Enter Shylock and Padlock.*)
SHY.—I'll decend from the high office of Sultan and become Mayor. And you will change from Prime Minister to City Clerk, (*to Pad.*) J. Pierpont Morgan. Call the roll. (*Pad. calls roll and all answer "Here."*)
PAD.—Ald. Not Here?
ALL—Not Here.
PAD.—Ald. Absent?
ALL—Absent.
SHY.—Read the minutes of the last meeting.
PAD.—Five minutes, six minutes, fifteen minutes late.
SHY.—Are there any objections to the minutes as read?
HYDE—I think the last alderman was seventeen minutes late instead of fifteen.
SHY.—The minutes stand approved. We will now listen to the report of the treasurer. (*Gun fired outside.*)
HINKY DINK—I move the report be accepted and made part of the record.
HENRY IRVING—(*Runs over and supports Hinky.*) Support.
S.—It has been moved and seconded that the treasurer's report be accepted and made a part of the record. All in favor signify by saying aye. (*Silence*) All opposed, no. (*All blow noses.*) The nose have it. We will listen to the report of the secretary.
PAD.—I have received a communication from the Casey Company offering a street crusher and stone roller, worth $2, for $1.98.
STEELE—Let's get it and let 'em hunt for the coin.
HYDE—Let's vote.
HINKY—I move we adjourn. (*Tears cloth.*)
SHY.—We'll have an informal ballot. (*Pad. passes out ballots.*)
(*Enter Mac Bribe who calls all aldermen aside and gives each a package of money*)

SHY.—Now we'll vote. (*Solemn music during voting and counting of ballots.*)

PAD.—Six votes cast, seven yes and two no.

SHY.—Send for the street crusher.

(*Enter Robin Redbreast at back, who walks up to mirror and shoots.*)

ALL - Hello, Robin.

ROBIN—Uh! (*Grunts, sits down and smokes pipe.*)

HINKY—I move we adjourn.

STEELE—Yes, let's all go up to the depot and see No. 10 come under the viaduct.

(*Exeunt all but Robin, who wakes up.*)

ROBIN—Uh! All gone. I wonder if all the doors are closed. I guess I'll practice and see how my aim is. (*Produces gun.*)

(*Enter man who holds cracker in hand for Robin to shoot at.*)

ROBIN—Uh! Easy. (*Shoots and cracker falls.*)

(*Man puts cracker in his mouth, Robin shoots and cracker falls.*)

ROBIN—Now I will shoot a cracker by aid of the mirror. (*Turns to mirror and shoots through it. Throws cracker into audience. Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Shy., Pad., Lulu and Ujji.*)

UJJI—Tell me, you, who are so old and wise, what is love?

PAD.—
Love is the chief of earthly joys,
The cause of earthly ills,
Two people in one arm chair,
And a saving of gas bills.

LULU—(*To Shy.*)—Oh, are you a poet, too?

SHY.—Yes, I'm Longfellow.

UJJI—And what poet are you?

PAD.—I'm Whittier—than Longfellow.

SHY.—What kin you do? (*To Lulu.*)

LULU—I can dance and sing.

UJJI—Oh, so can I. Let's sing.

(*Florodora Quartette.*)

LULU—Oh Shy, you're a lovely dancer. Your feet are as light as a feather.

SHY.—Tomorrow's Emancipation Day. Let's give a dance.

UJJI AND LULU—Oh yes, do. Oh, you darling. (*Pad. grows angry and shows fight.*)

UJJI—Oh Pad, of course I love you best. Don't hurt him.

PAD.—Well, I'll let you off this time Shy, but hereafter lay low.

LULU—Oh won't we have fun at the ball.

SHY.—Yes, there'll be doin's on that Emancipation Day.

(*Enter Chorus. Closing Chorus.*)

Act II

OPENING CHORUS—UJJI—Padlock and Chorus.

CHORUS: Ujji, the moon is shining up in the skies,
And stars are winkin' at me from above;
Come, babe, and let me look into your eyes,
Oh, Ujji, my Afcan love!

(*Exeunt*)

(*Enter Uddu, attired as chef.*)

UDDU—Well, here I am, former High and Mighty Prime Minister, brought down to the lowest position in the palace, receiving orders from pages and servants. What did I know about cooking? But I am improving since I spent a quarter on this. (*Produces Tried and True cook book.*) I've learned how to make all kinds of delicacies, from fudges to chop suey. It took me a long time to learn some of them. The chop suey is very complicated. (*Reads*) Tie a cat's eyelash to two rats' tails. Squeeze the juice of one raspberry into a tub of suds and mix the suey with a squee gee spoon. I can't say that I admire the new Sultan's way of doing business, but I'm getting old and I won't have to be here long.

(*Enter Indoro and Outdoro, dressed for the fete.*)

UDDU—Hello, boys.

INDORO—Go on, we don't know you. You're only the cook.

OUTDORO—Yes, when you address us please say, "Hail. Your Excellencies." that's what you used to have us call you. Go on to your cooking and do that ostrich brown.

IN.—Yes, do it, Brown. Back to the pantry. (*Exit Uddu, in tears.*)

OUT.—Well, what do you think of Zanzibar under the new rule.

IN.—I think it's Paradise.

OUT.—Yes, the new Prime Minister's got a pair o' dice that's all sevens.

In.—Jiggers, here he comes.

(*Enter Padlock, Ujji, Lulu, Joko, the army and court in ball dress.*)

PAD.—Well, girls here we are. Who's going to furnish the music?

INDORO—I've telegraphed for Blackett to come down.

PAD.—Be sure to have good music. The Sultan demands good music. What can he play?

JOKO—He can play the Mocking Bird.

ALL—Ha, ha, ha.

(*Enter Flashem, Wise and Stocksenbonds, unnoticed.*)

FLASHEM—(*points to Padlock*)—Bah Jove, Willie, there's your lost valet! I'll bet mine is here somewhere.

WISE—Look at his attire! Oh, fudge, this is too droll! (*All laugh.*)

STOCKSENBONDS—What do you suppose they've been doing?

FLASHEM—That's a puzzler. I'll ask him. (*Goes up to Pad. and calls him aside.*) What have you fellows been doing? (*Padlock trembles and can't speak.*) Where's Shylock?

PAD.—He's dressing for the ball. The people think he's the Sultan.

WISE—(*Laughing*)—Oh, this is rich!

STOCKSENBONDS—(*Laughing*)—Oh, dear, I know my sides will split.

FLASHEM—Put a stitch in 'em.

WISE AND STOCKS.—Clever! Clever!

FLASHEM—Now see here, Pad., we met the real Sultan over in Mozambique. He's just come in from New York, and may be here at any minute. He'll cut your black heads off.

PAD.—I've always wanted to get rid of blackheads.

WISE—Here comes Shy, now. (*Flashem, Wise and Stocks. retire to rear, laugh- at Shy. Enter Shy.*)

SONG—In the Isle of Zanzibar—Shylock and chorus.

CHORUS: In the Isle of Zanzibar, oh my, how fine!
Riding on my tall giraffe, up and down the line.
Coons all stand and watch me puff my 15-cent cigar,
And life is just like Paradise, in the Isle of Zanzibar.

SHY —Well are you all on your good behavior?

JOKO—Yes, Your Majesty, we—

SHY. Now, look here Mr. Man, you've sprung enough of your vile jokes. You're a nigger and I'm a nigger, but look out for me. (*Sits on throne. Flashem advances to Shy.*)

FLASHEM—Your Majesty. (*Shy recognises him and is freightened.*)

PAD.—(*Aside*)—Brace up, Shy, he won't squeal.

SHY.—Well fellow, what do you want?

FLASHEM—We're traveling musicians and would like to sing for Your Majesty.

SHY.—Well go ahead and get rid of it.

SONG—Tale of the Cow—Flashem, Wise and Stocksenbonds.

CHORUS: Come back to me, my own sweet load of hay,
Come back and let me eat you,
I'll show you how I'll treat you,
Sweetheart, O Timothy, don't run away,
Be my own true load of hay.

OUTDORO—(*Entering*)—There's a man outside who says he's the Sultan.

SHY.—He lies!

(*Enter the Sultan.*)

THE SULTAN—Who lies, fellow?

SHY.—Rudolph Mack.

(*Enter Uddu, running.*)

UDDU—Oh, this is indeed the Sultan. He looks just like his father.

PAD.—I extend my sympthy to his father.

THE SULTAN—Who are these fellows?

UDDU—They came here yesterday. This one said he was the Sultan.

SHY.—He lies, I was just keeping your throne warm for you.

THE SULTAN—Tie them up together. (*All aid in tying up Shy. and Pad.*) Come here, girls; I suppose you are my cousins.

UJJI—Oh, are you the real King?

THE SULTAN—No, madam, I am a Lord.

ALL—Lord who?

SULTAN—The Lord knows who. I don't. Where's my army? Oh, here you are. (*Sees Rippum and Terrum fighting.*) Here, what's the matter with this one?

RIPPUM—Please sir, I was just keeping a bad little boy, from licking a good little boy.

SULTAN—Ah, that was a noble deed; who's the good little boy?

RIPPUM—That's, me, sir.

SULTAN—Where's your leader?

SOK.—Here I am, Sokum, general of the army.

SONG—Sokum.

CHORUS:

I am leader of the men in red,
This land will not go on when I am dead,
Napoleon could never boast of such a head,
There's no bullet that could harm me.
I eat enemies at every meal,
There's no kind of pain that I can feel,
Foemen shudder when they hear my speil,
"I'm leader of the Zanzibarin Army."

UDDU—Sir, you have not been crowned yet.

SULTAN—Where's my crown? I'll show these fellows what I can do. (*Kalulu brings in crown in a hat box.*) Ah, my crown at last. Take it out of that box. (*Takes crown.*) The old crown that my father wore. It fitted him once and it fits me now. (*Places crown on his head.*) Now bring these lobsters before me. (*Uddu brings Shy. and Pad. before him.*)

PAD.—Your Majesty, forgive us, we are poor, honest hoboes looking for work.

SULTAN—Work, why haven't you found it? There's lots of work around here, oil drilling, crushing stone, and the like.

SHY.—We could'nt find our kind of work, Your Majesty.

SULTAN—What kind of work do you do?

SHY. AND PAD.—(*In chorus.*)— We are sailors on an air ship. (*Dance hornpipe to music.*)

SHY.—Can you give us anything to do?

SULTAN—No. I've a good notion to banish you from the island. If you ever land on this island again I will land on you.

(*Shy. shows fight.*)

SHY.—I'll land you in a minute.

PAD.—No, he is'nt Worth Landon.

LULU—I wish you would behead the naughty imposters. They deceived us.

SULTAN—Well, you can console yourselves by writing a book.

LULU—We have written one, Your Majesty.

SULTAN—Is that so?

UJJI—Yes have you read it?

SULTAN—I think I have.

LULU—What part did you like best.

SULTAN—The cover.

UJJI—That's a nice way to treat your cousins.

SULTAN—Yes but I did it so politely, it was music to the ear.

SONG—Sultan—Interpolated.

(Enter Kalulu with Steam-roller.)

KALULU—Here it is, gentlemen. The city street crusher. Watch it work.

(Kalulu runs it back and forth.)

SULTAN—When we get all through with it, we'll tell them it's too heavy and ship it back.

UDDU—No, lets ask Judge Hot-edge what to do.

SULTAN—All right, and now, since you've prepared for a dance, we'll all dance.

LULU—What's to become of us?

SULTAN—I'll mary you both;

Finale by Company.